

WELCOME
2099

\$1.50 US
\$2.05 CAN
19
JUL

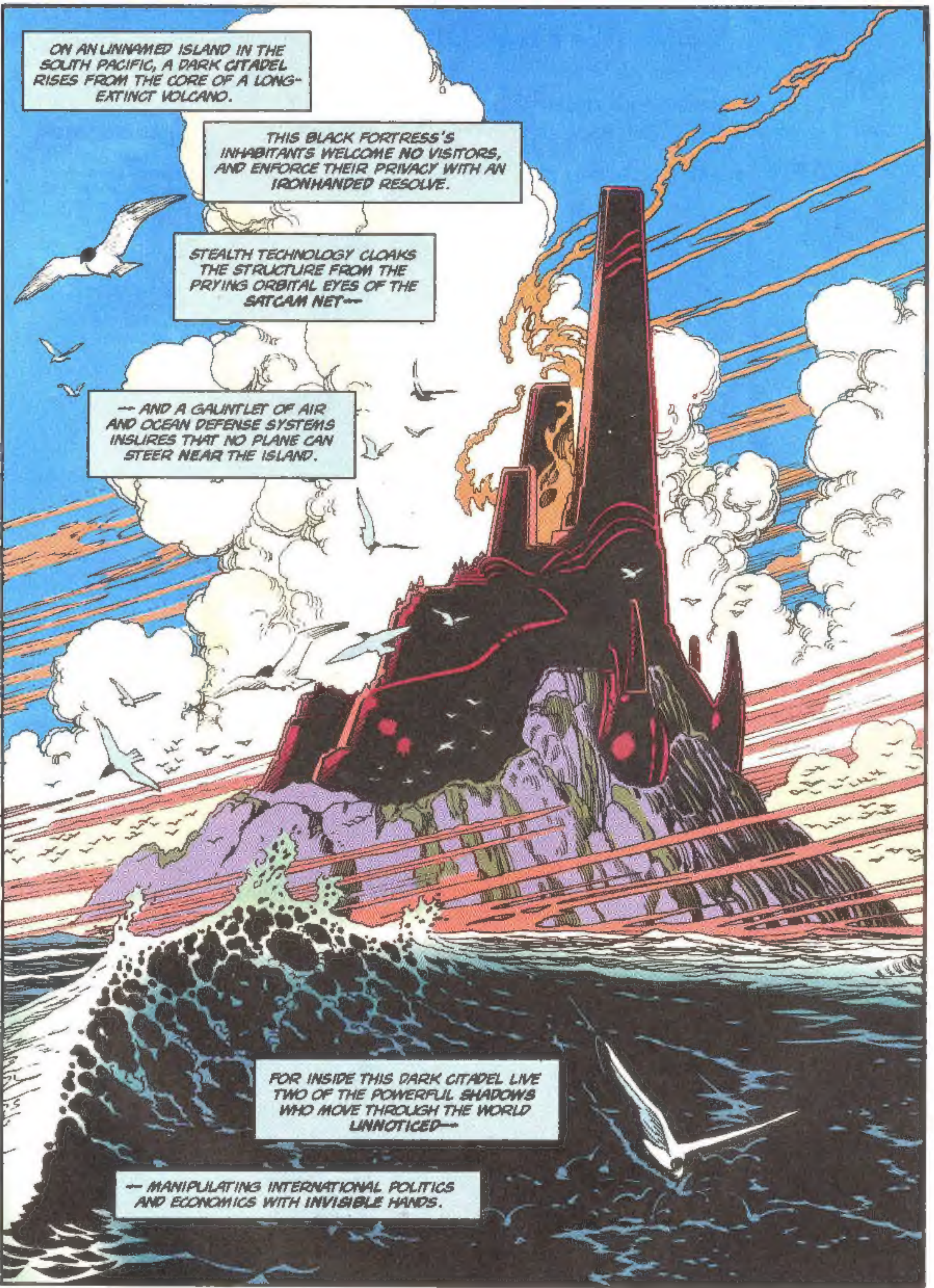
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



TO
THE
SAVAGE
LAND
2099

DIRECT EDITION





ON AN UNNAMED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, A DARK CITADEL RISES FROM THE CORE OF A LONG-EXTINCT VOLCANO.

THIS BLACK FORTRESS'S INHABITANTS WELCOME NO VISITORS, AND ENFORCE THEIR PRIVACY WITH AN IRONHANDED RESOLVE.

STEALTH TECHNOLOGY CLOAKS THE STRUCTURE FROM THE PRYING ORBITAL EYES OF THE SATCAM NET--

-- AND A GAUNTLET OF AIR AND OCEAN DEFENSE SYSTEMS INSURES THAT NO PLANE CAN STEER NEAR THE ISLAND.

FOR INSIDE THIS DARK CITADEL LIVE TWO OF THE POWERFUL SHADOWS WHO MOVE THROUGH THE WORLD UNNOTICED--

-- MANIPULATING INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND ECONOMICS WITH INVISIBLE HANDS.

INSIDE, USING A FLOOR-MOUNTED IMAGING SYSTEM, THE WOMAN WATCHES A WORLD SHE CONSIDERS HER PLAYGROUND.

HOW MANY OF THE PAST DECADE'S CRISES AND CATASTROPHES WERE THE RESULT OF HER MACHINATIONS? ONLY SHE KNOWS.

SHE REVELS IN HER POWER, FOMENTING CONFLICT FOR HER OWN AMUSEMENT.

SUBJECT: DOOM. CROSSREF:
LAZARUS ACCESSING SATNET
PROCESSING

SUBJECT LOCATED
ANTARCTICA

AGAIN, HE
ESCAPES DEATH--
THIS TIME IN ONE OF
THE CHIN SHAN SPACE
PLATFORM'S
LIFEBOATS.

HE IS VERY
RESOURCEFUL,
THIS ONE. SO
LIKE THE
ORIGINAL.

AS I
EXPECTED.

COMPUTER,
LOCATE MY
DOOM.

GEOSAT READINGS INDICATE
SEISMIC ACTIVITY IN REGION

AN
EARTHQUAKE?
GOOD. LET THE
EARTH SWALLOW
HIM WHOLE.

HE
THRIVES
UNDER
ADVERSITY.

YOU
SPEND TOO MUCH
OF YOUR TIME
WATCHING THAT
ONE.

OF THAT
DOOM?

JEALOUS?

I WOULD
NOT GIVE
YOU THE
PLEASURE.

SAT TRACKING
INOPERATIVE BELOW
GROUND LEVEL

UNCREATED NIGHT

TIME DID NOT FORGET
THIS SAVAGE LAND--

INSTEAD, IT
CRADLED THIS
STRANGE POCKET
OF ANTARCTICA--

--ALLOWING
PRIMORDIAL FLORA AND
FAUNA TO SURVIVE ITS
TEMPORAL RAVAGES.

WHOOO--WEE!
LOOK AT THAT
OVERGROWN IGUANA
RUN!

TOO BAD WE
AREN'T GETTING PAID BY
THE AROUND. I BET THAT
BRONTOSAUR WEIGHS
AT LEAST THREE
THOUSAND.

IT'S A
STEGOSAUR, RAOUL.
A BRONTOSAUR'S
TWICE THAT
SIZE.

WHO CARES,
PRESSMAN? THE
SKINSCRAPERS IN ARCHAEO-
GENETICS PROMISED TO PAY
FOR ANY DINOSAUR WE
COULD BRING
BACK!

WE'RE
LOOKIN' AT MONEY
IN THE BANK.

RONK!

CLOMP CLOMP!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

AN OUTBREAK OF PREHISTORIC JUNGLE FEVER DIAGNOSED AND QUARANTINED BY: JOHN FRANCIS MOORE--
WRITER, PAT BRODERICK-- PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG-- INKER, JOHN COSTANZA-- LETTERER, GEORGE
ROUSSOS-- COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI-- LOCAL GUIDE AND TOM DEFALCO-- THUNDER LIZARD

TELL
HAMMOND TO
BUY THIS ROCK
JUMPER.

NO WAY
AM I GONNA LOSE THAT
JURASSIC LOTTERY
TICKET.

ONCE WE PUT
DINO IN THE BAG, WE
SHIP THE CARCASS BACK TO
NEW YORK, AND THEN
WE ARE ON EASY
STREET.

I TOLD YOU
THERE WERE
PERKS COMING
HERE.

KEEP
REMINING ME.
THINGS ARE GETTING
WEIRDER AND WEIRDER
AT THE MINING
SITE.

BAD
ENOUGH WE
HAVE TO WORK IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE
CREEPY JUNGLE
TEMPLE--

-- BUT
THE BOSS'S SPENDING
WAY TOO MUCH TIME
WITH THE SWAMP
PEOPLE--

I THINK
HE'S
LOSING--

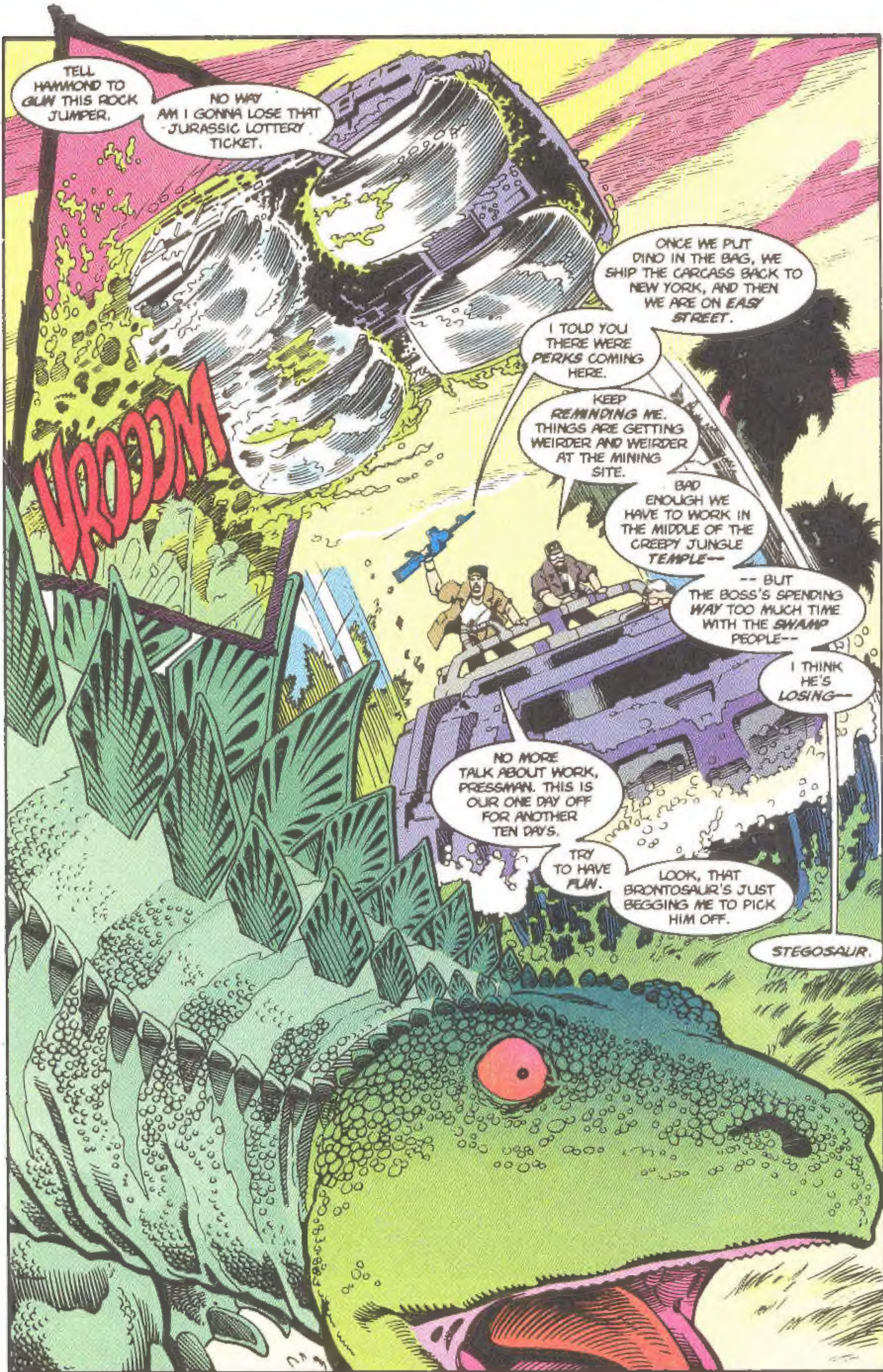
NO MORE
TALK ABOUT WORK,
PRESSMAN. THIS IS
OUR ONE DAY OFF
FOR ANOTHER
TEN DAYS.

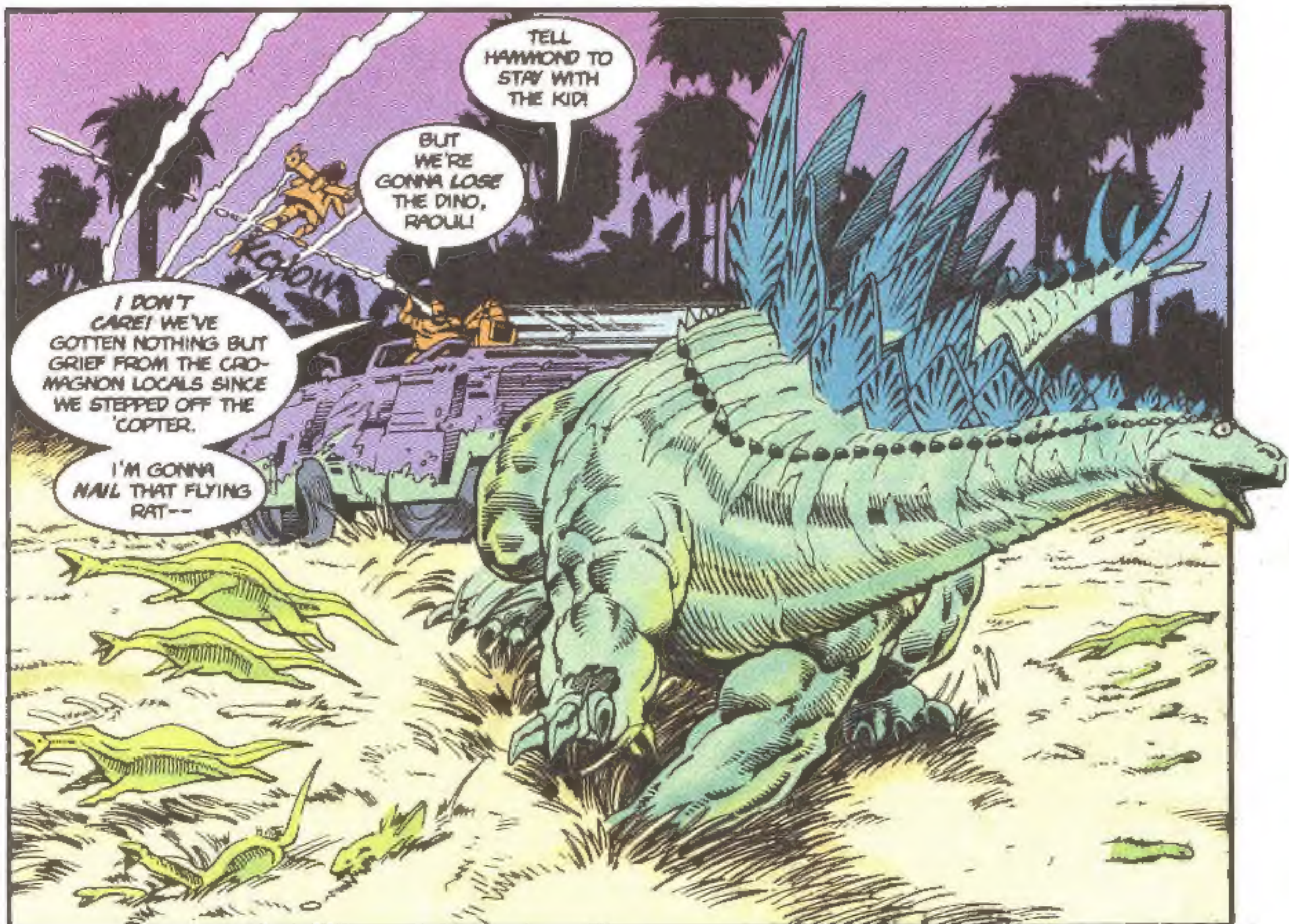
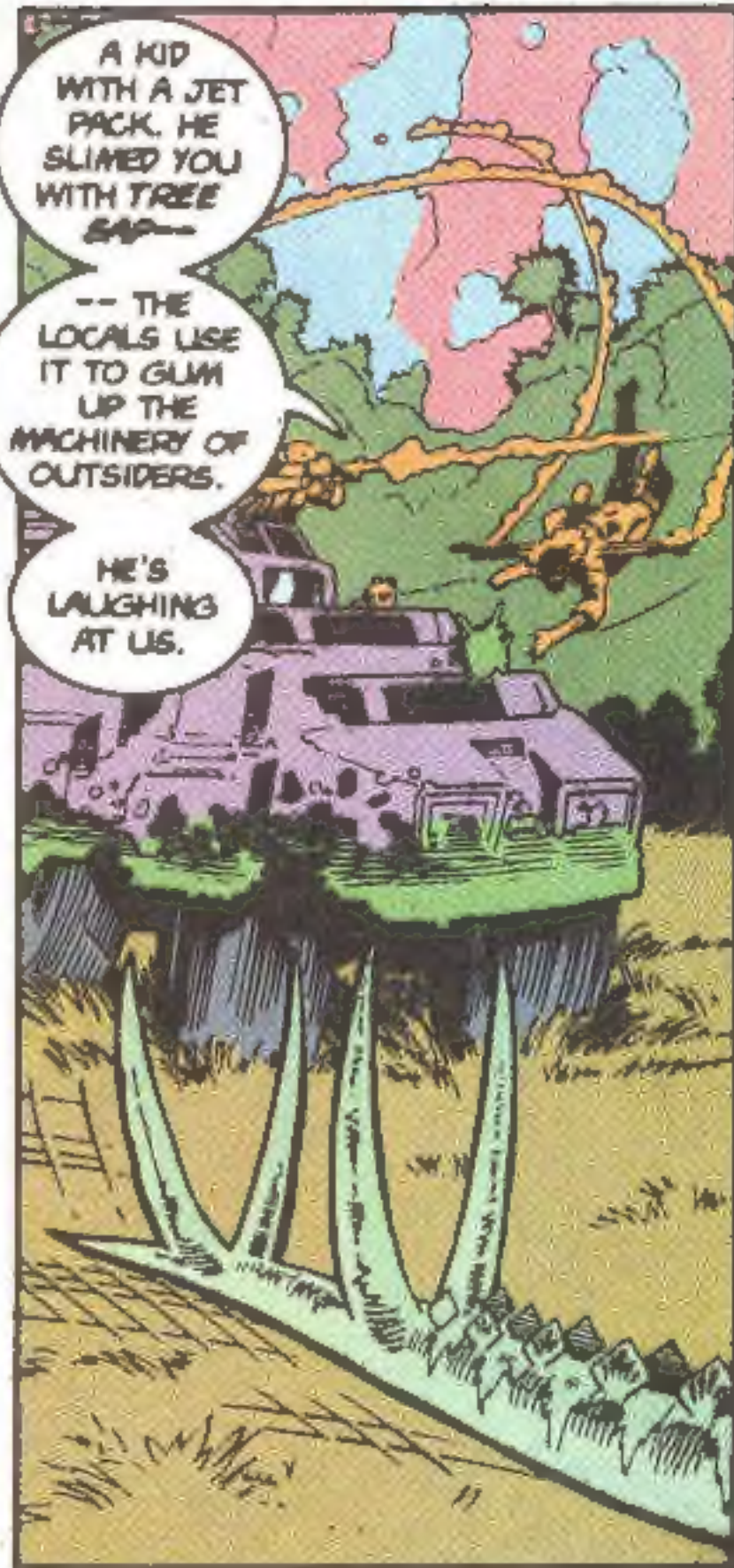
TRY
TO HAVE
FUN.

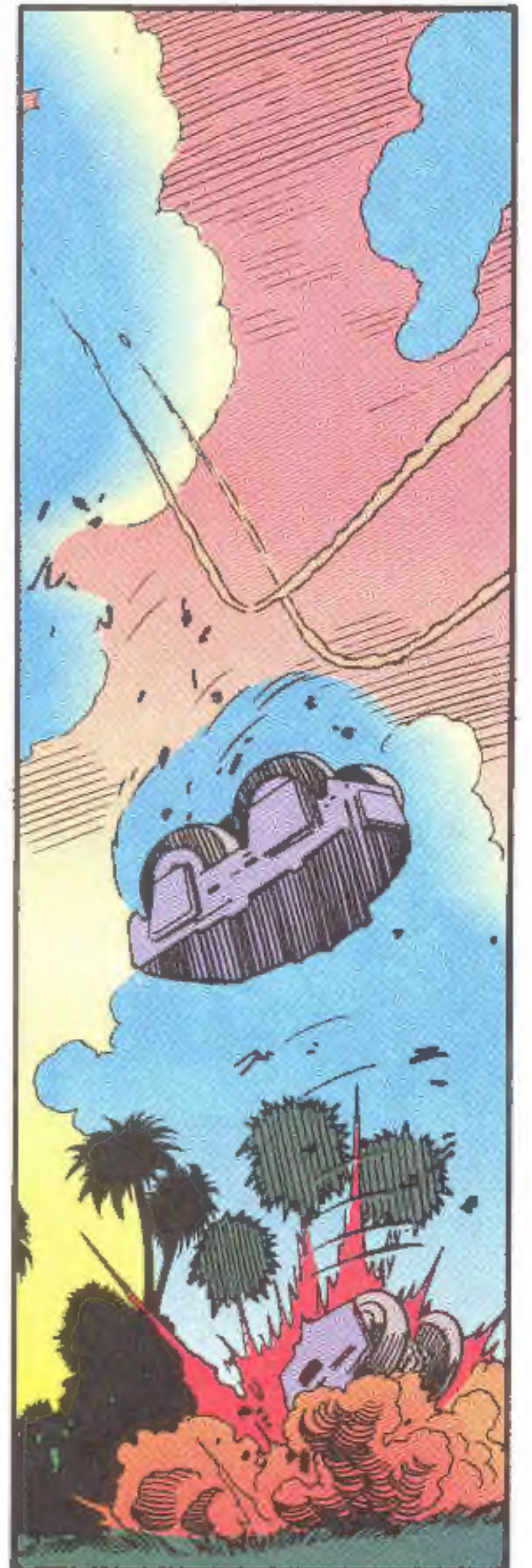
LOOK, THAT
BRONTOSAUR'S JUST
BEGGING ME TO PICK
HIM OFF.

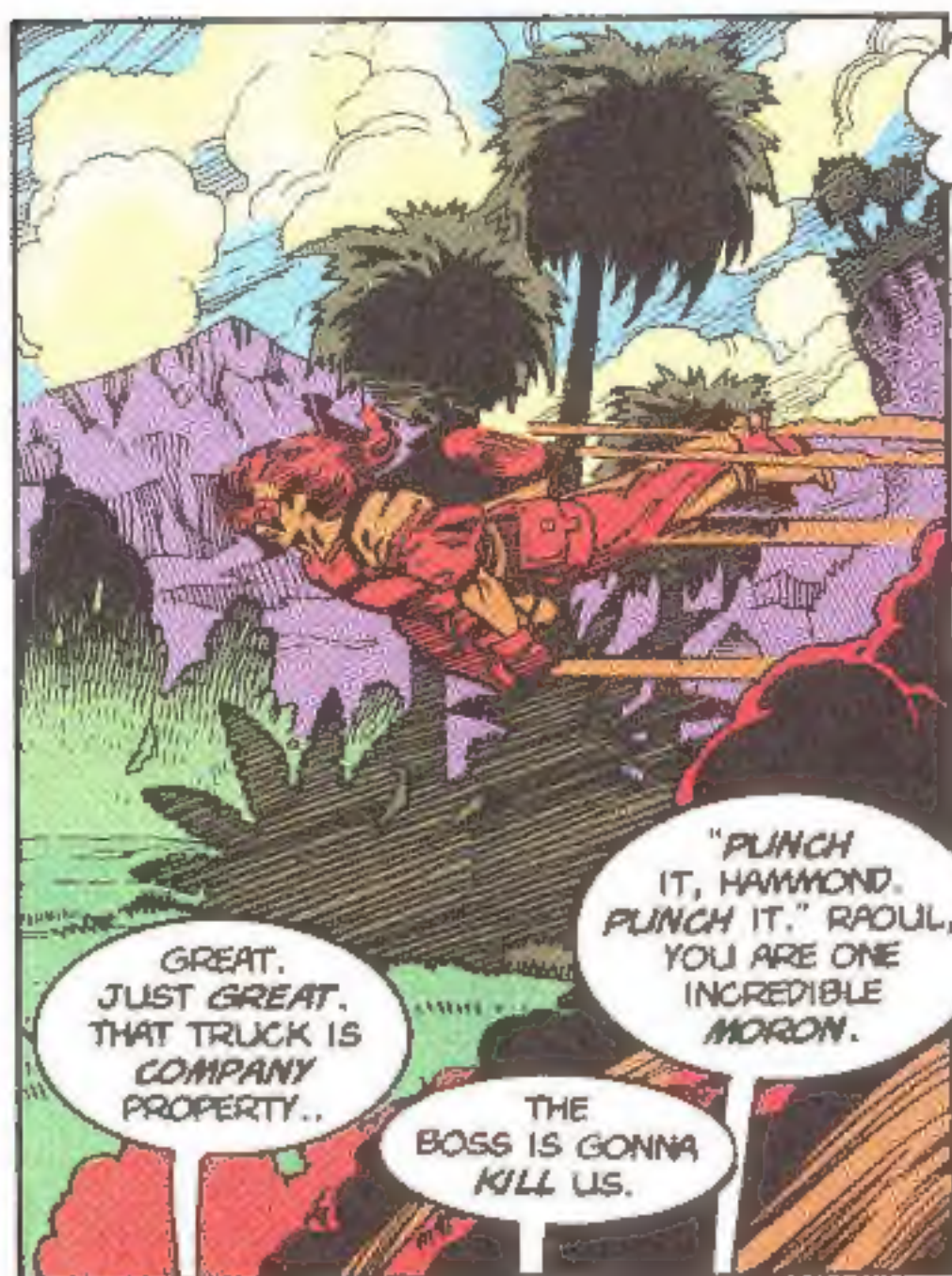
STEGOSAUR.

WROOOM









GREAT.
JUST GREAT.
THAT TRUCK IS
COMPANY
PROPERTY..

THE
BOSS IS GONNA
KILL US.

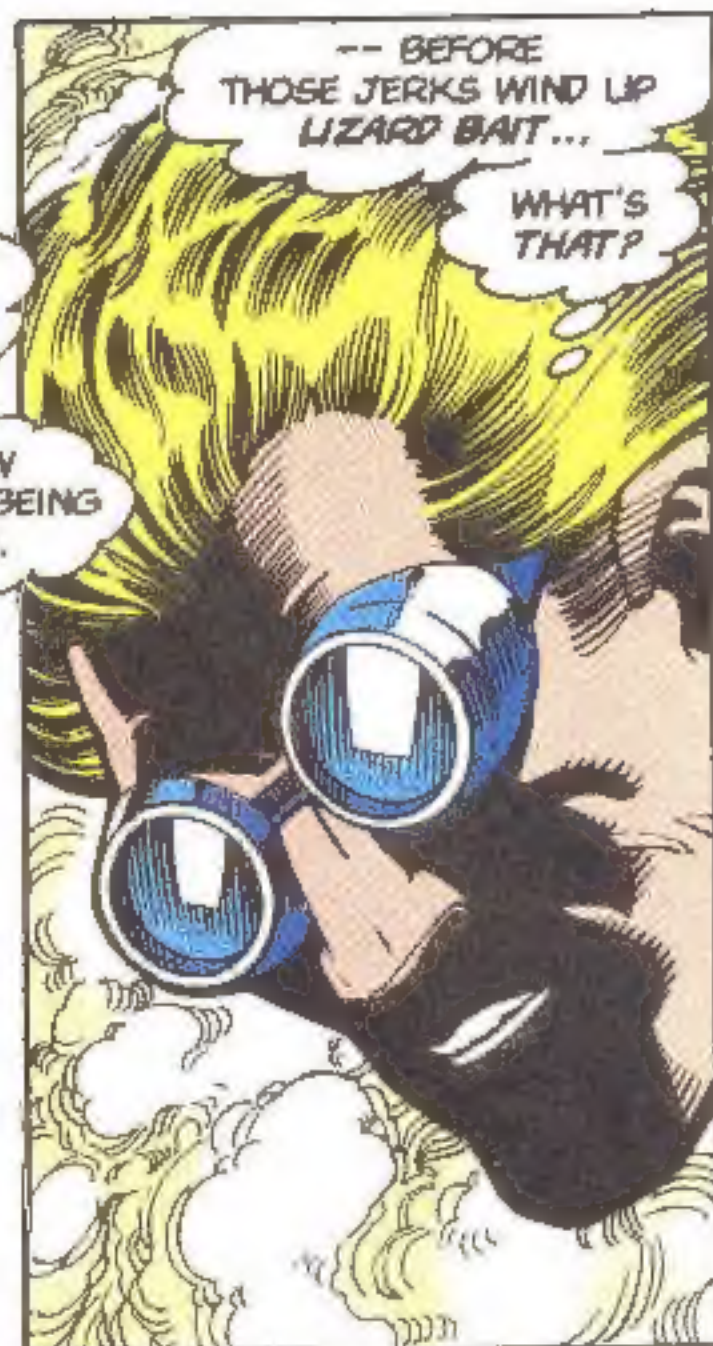
"PUNCH
IT, HAMMOND.
PUNCH IT." RAOUL,
YOU ARE ONE
INCREDIBLE
MORON.

IF THEY
DON'T MAKE IT BACK
TO THEIR CAMP BY
NIGHTFALL--

-- THOSE
POACHERS ARE GONNA
WISH THEY CRASHED
WITH THEIR
TRUCK.

SEE HOW
THEY LIKE BEING
HUNTED.

GUESS I
BETTER CALL THE
RANGERS WHEN I GET
BACK TO THE VILLAGE--



-- BEFORE
THOSE JERKS WIND UP
LIZARD BAIT...

WHAT'S
THAT?



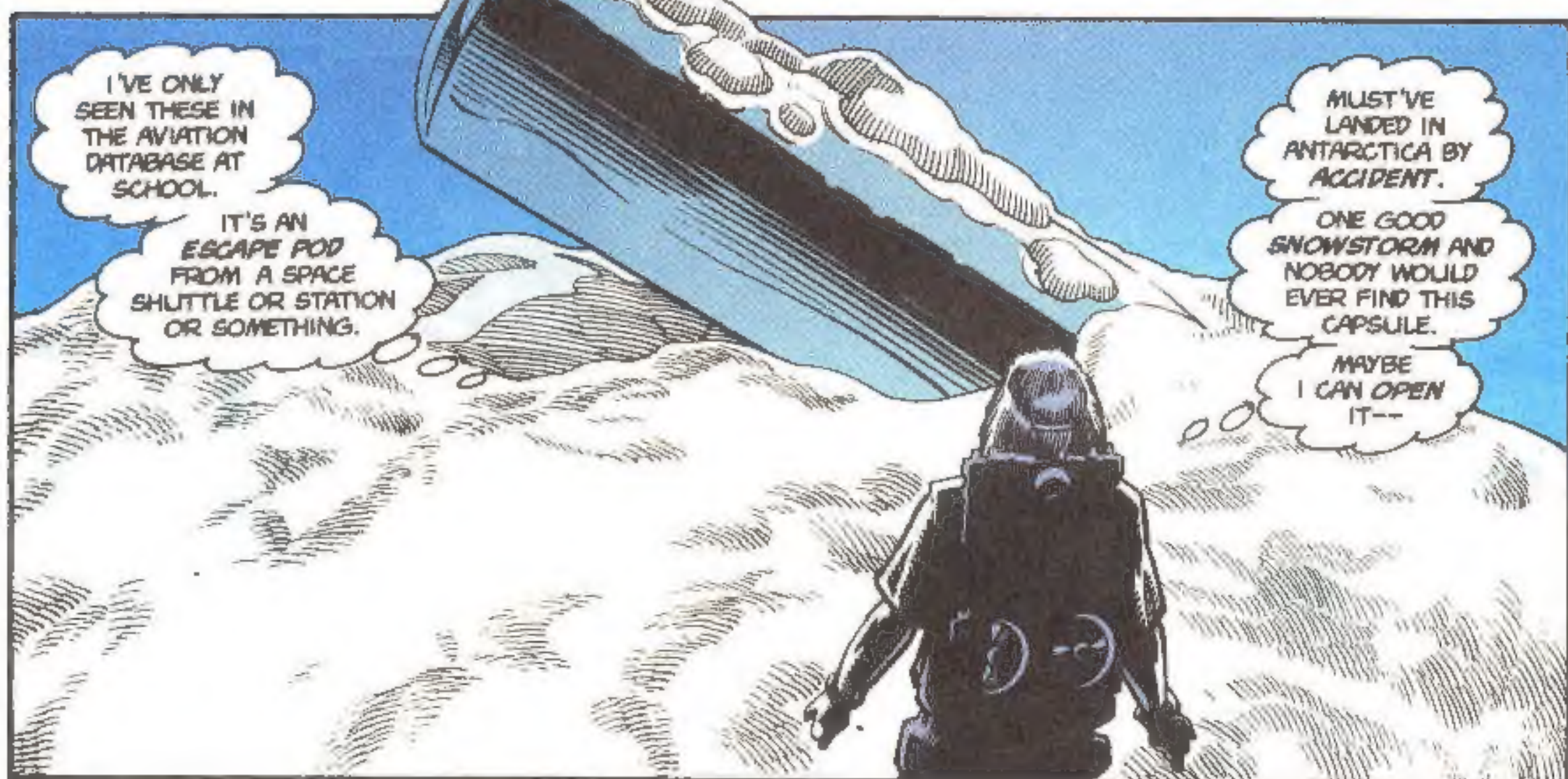
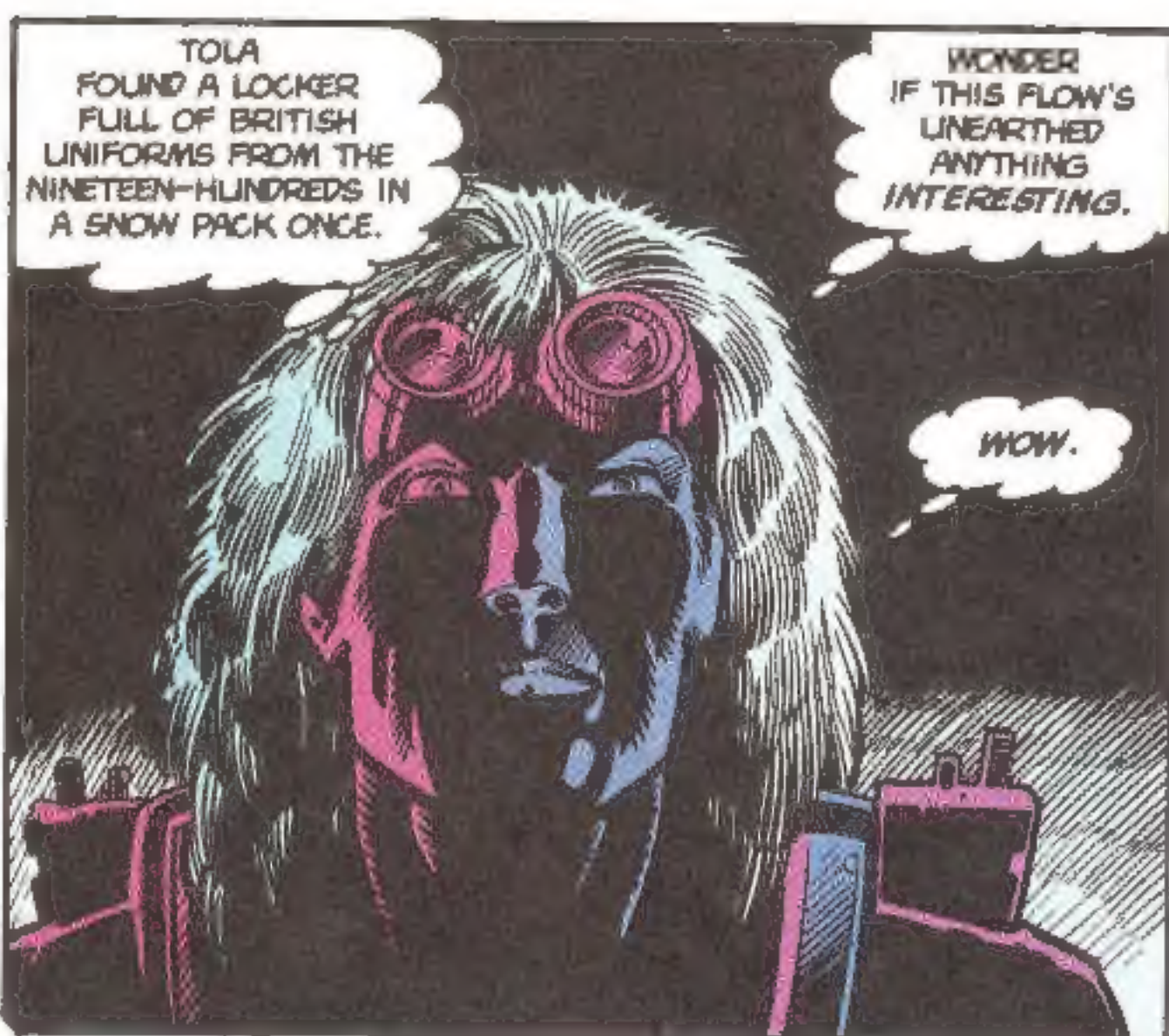
ICEP



HEY, THE
RECENT QUIAKES
MUST'VE OPENED
UP A NEW TUNNEL
FROM OUTSIDE
THE VALLEY.

TUNNELS
LIKE THIS LED THE
PLUNDERS FROM
THE ICY WASTES OF
ANTARCTICA INTO
THE SAVAGE
LAND--

-- AND
OPENED THE GATES
TO EVERY COUNTRY
AND CORPORATION
LOOKING FOR A
NEW FRONTIER
TO STRIP
MINE.





"— WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

LATVERIA...

... SUPPOSED TO BE IN LATVERIA...

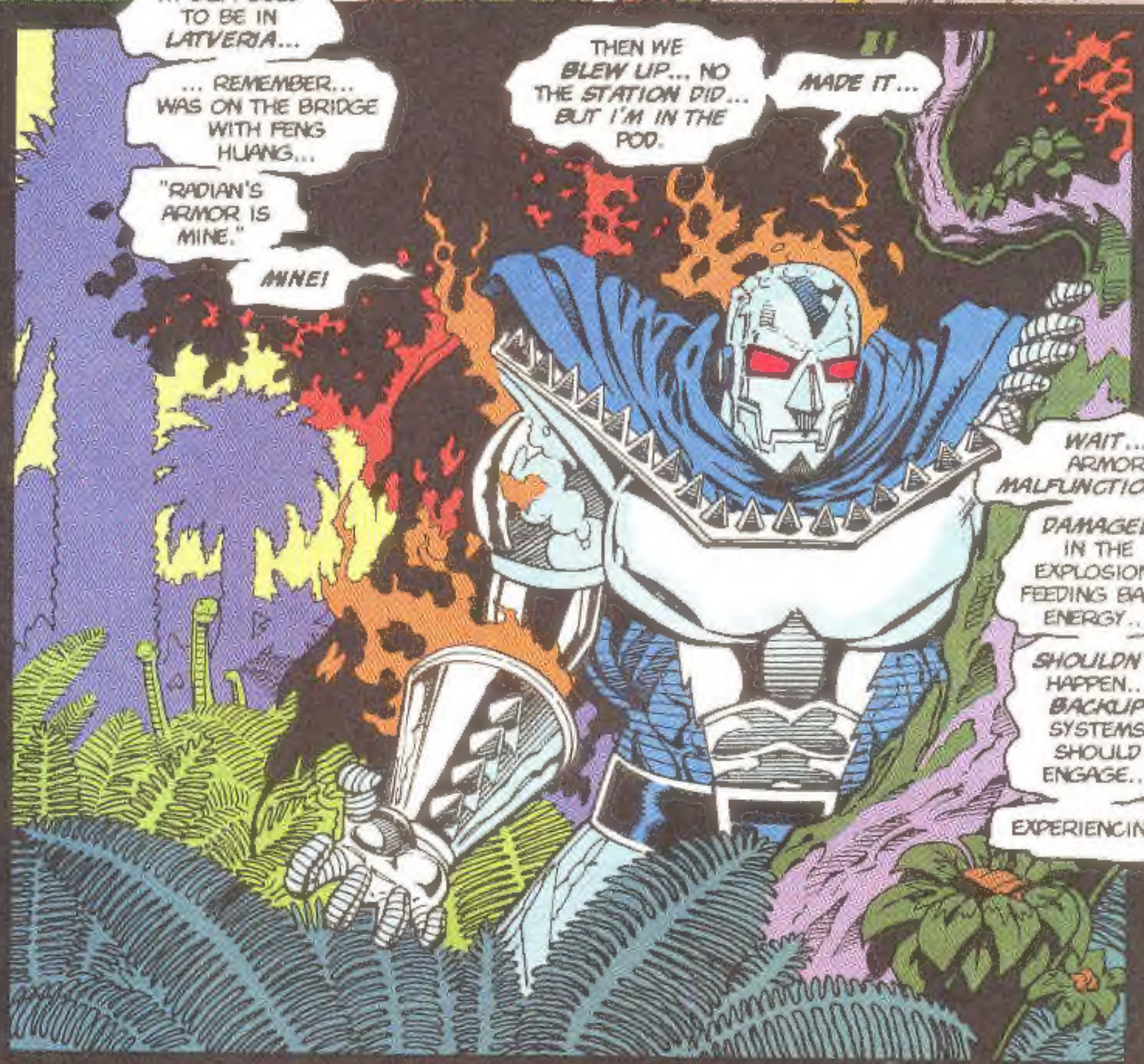
... REMEMBER... WAS ON THE BRIDGE WITH FENG HUANG...

"RADIAN'S ARMOR IS MINE."

MINE!

THEN WE BLEW UP... NO THE STATION DID... BUT I'M IN THE POD.

MADE IT...

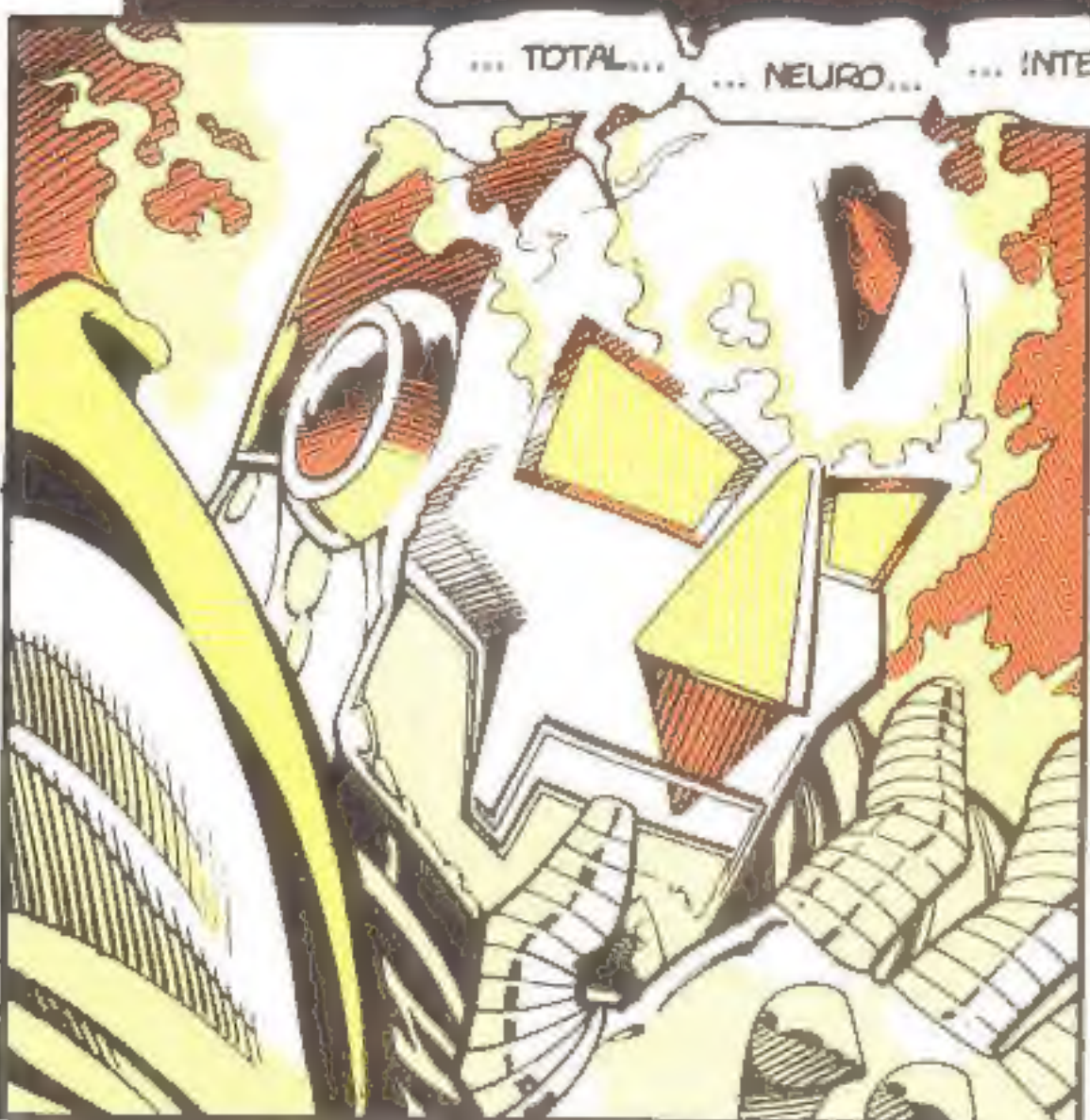


WAIT... ARMOR MALFUNCTIONING.

DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION. FEEDING BACK ENERGY...

SHOULDN'T HAPPEN... BACKUP SYSTEMS SHOULD ENGAGE...

EXPERIENCING...



... TOTAL...

... NEURO...

... INTER...

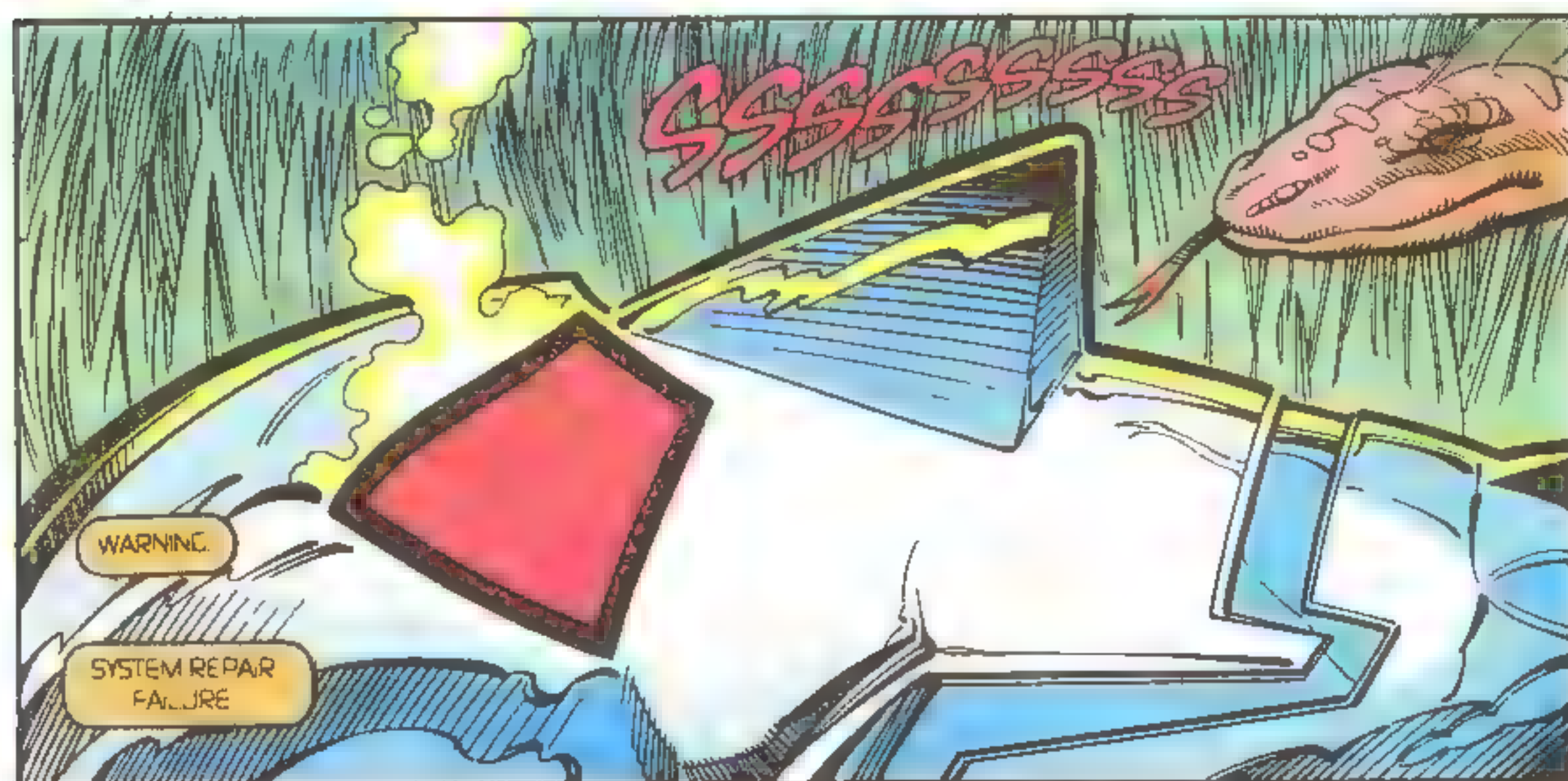
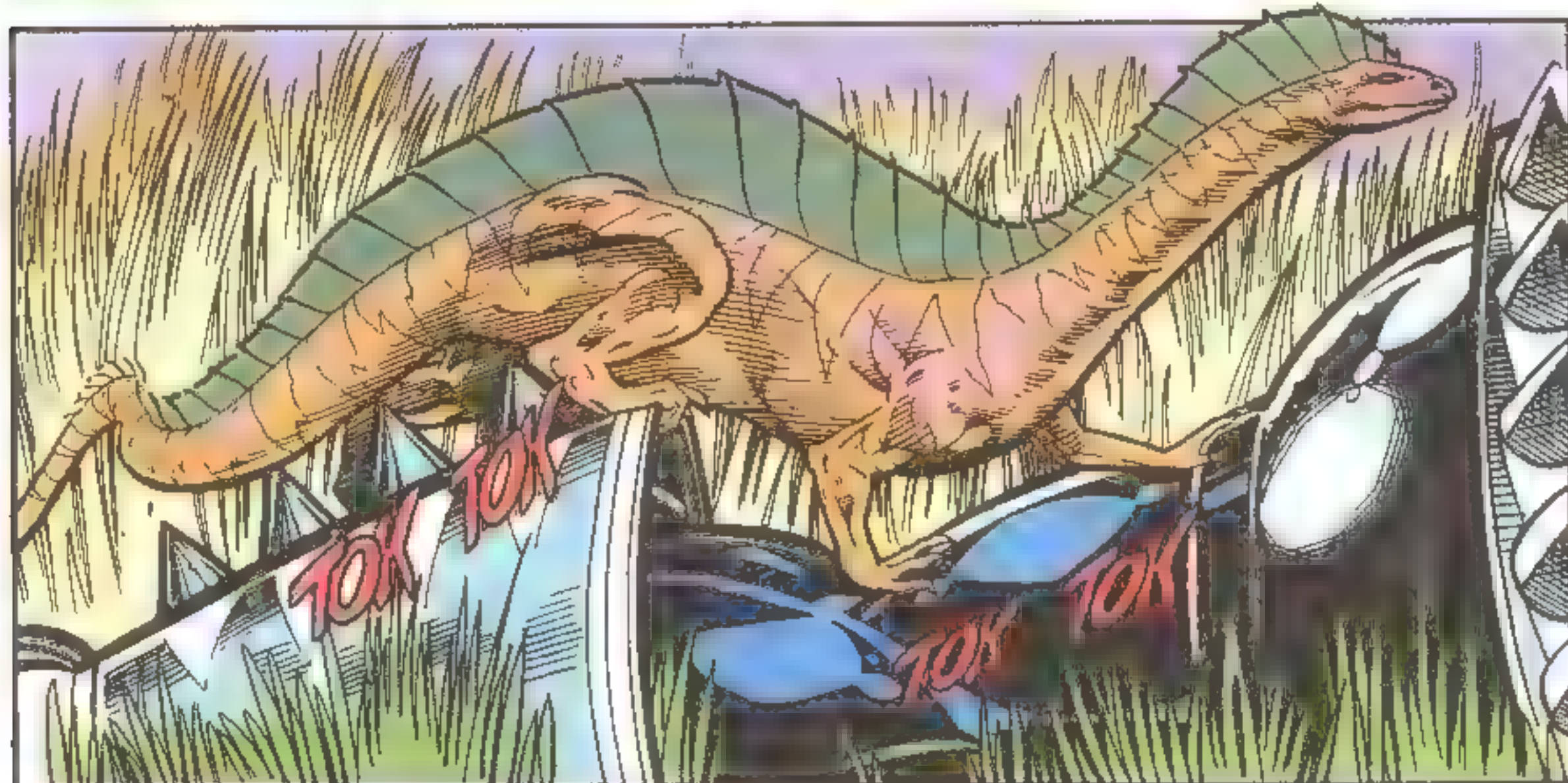
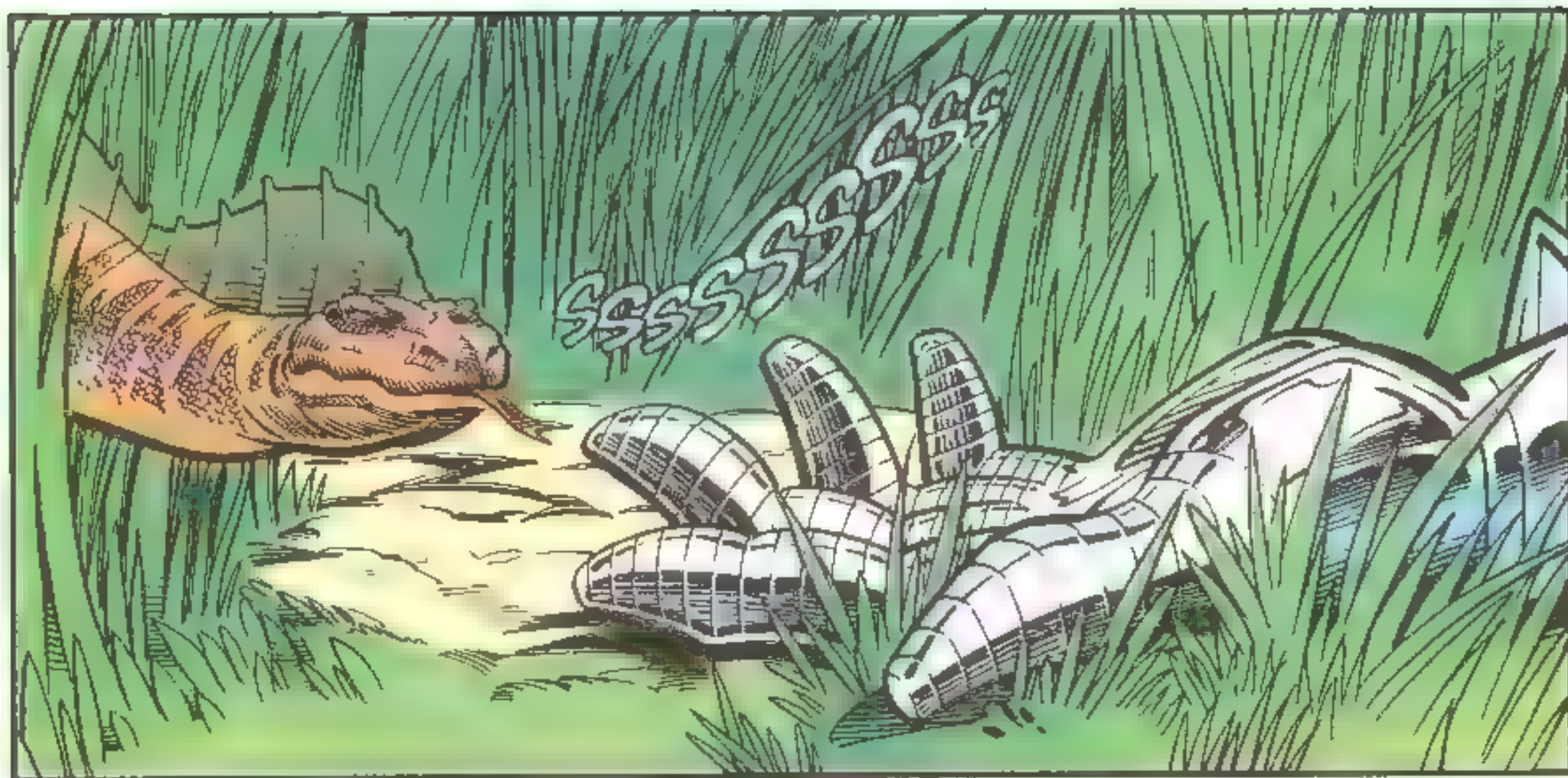
... FACE...



... BREAK...

... DOWN...

EEP EEP EEP EEP EEP



NANOTECH INTERFACE
OVERLOAD

SYSTEM CRASH IMMINENT

MEMORIES MELTING INTO
HALLUCINATION--

VICTOR,
REVELATION IS AT
HAND

POSITIVE I'M
HALLUCINATING.

SCIENCE SAYS
YOU'RE WRONG,
DOOM.

RICHARDS?
I KILLED YOU

DOCTOR
DOOM KILLED ME
THE GENUINE
ARTICLE THE REAL
MCCOY

KAZIMIERZ?


OH, MY
GYPSY BROTHER,
YOU'RE NOT THE
MAN YOU USED
TO BE

THE Y'LESTJA-- THEY
DID SOMETHING TO
MY MIND.

NOTHING
THAT HASN'T
BEEN DONE
BEFORE

BUT I AM--

WHO AM I?



WHAT HUBRIS TO THINK YOU
ARE ANYTHING BUT A
PRETENDER TO THE THRONE.

YOU ARE A HOLLOW MOCKERY OF
THE TRUE VICTOR VON DOOM

I AM NO OTHER.

YOU DENY THE EVIDENCE
BEFORE YOU YOUR
MEMORY LOSS YOUR
CURIOUS YOUTH.

YOU ARE A CALLOW
YOUTH CLAIMING THE
WISDOM OF AGE

MY REPEATED TRAVELS IN
TIME MUST HAVE CREATED
A PARADOX...

IS ~~YOUR~~ ANSWER.

THEN TELL ME
THE TRUTH.

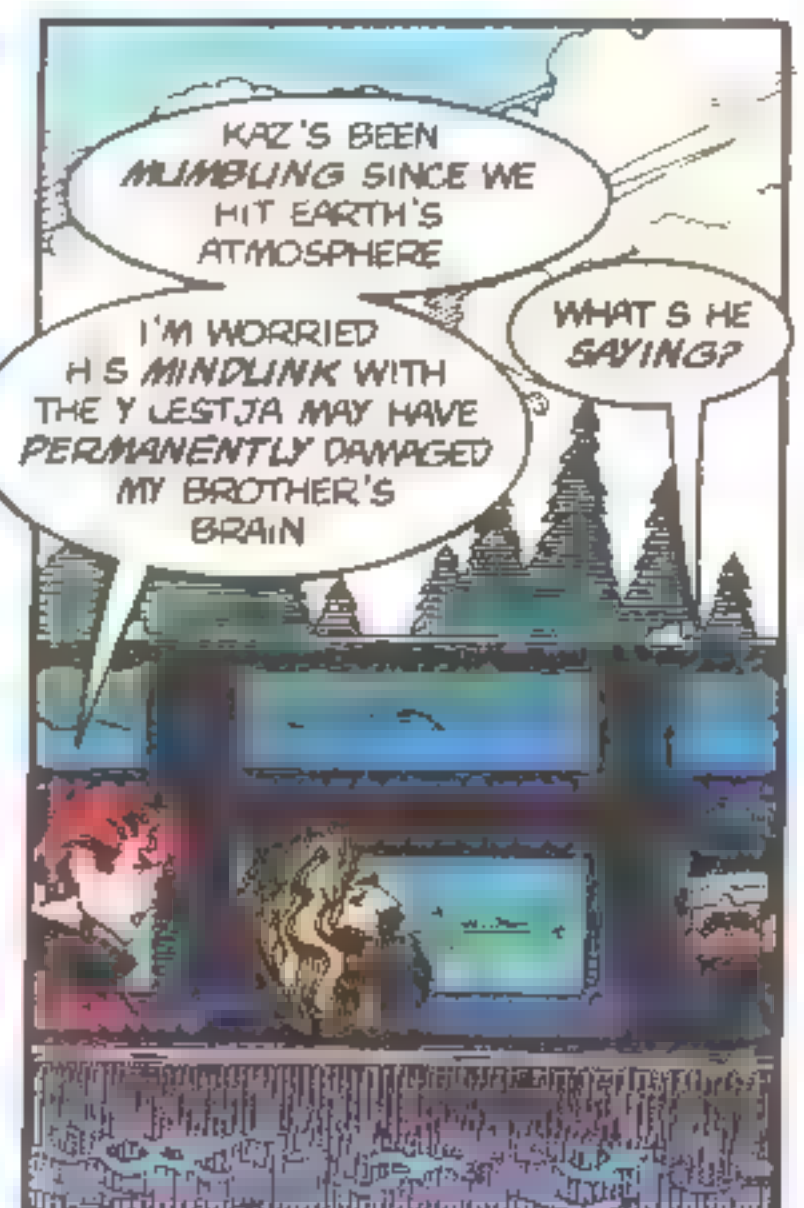
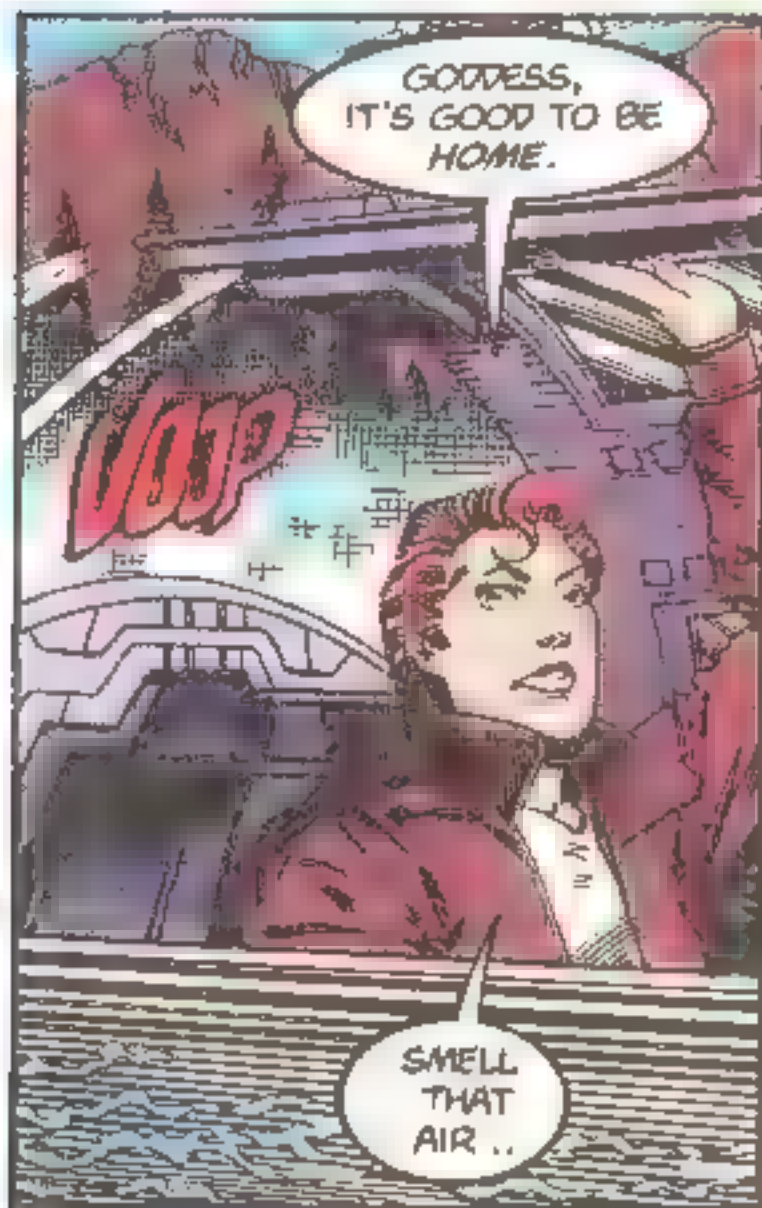
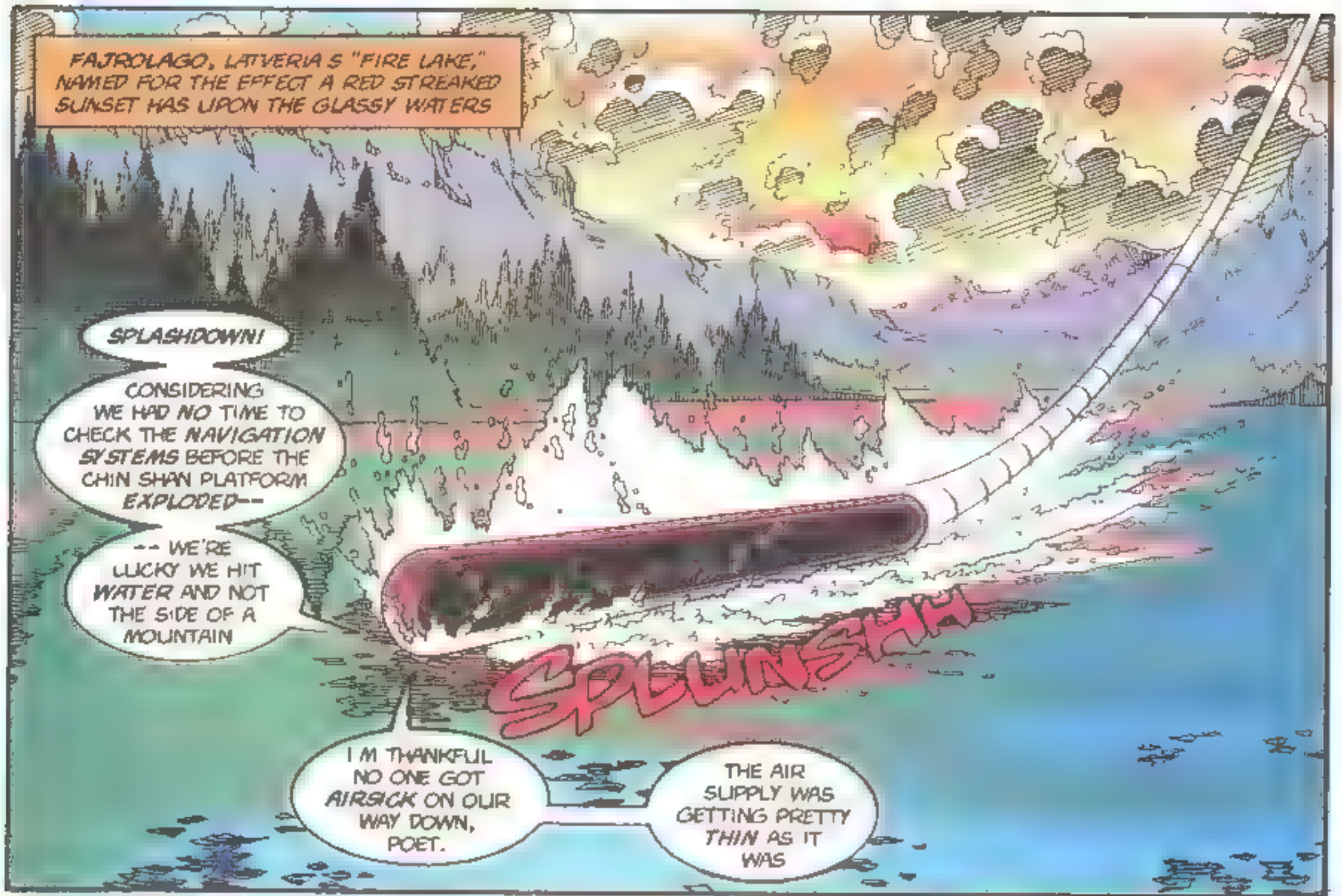
BY ALL THAT IS
SACRED, I MUST
KNOW!

THIS MASQUERADE
CONDEMNS YOU.

YOU WILL BURN IN THE
FIRES OF YOUR SELF
DECEIT.

BURN.

BURN.



THE SAVAGE LAND

BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A RIDE. RIGHT, KIMBA?

BUT REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, Y'OLD TOM. BE CAREFUL 'ROUND HERE--

MIARRROW

-- THERE ARE BUGS 'ROUND HERE BIG ENOUGH TO EAT YOU FOR BREAKFAST

THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, HAWK

HUMANS DON'T TOP THE FOOD CHAIN IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

DON'T WORRY, LEIBOWITZ. I FEEL AT HOME HERE.

THE SAVAGE LAND IS LIKE YOU, MY OLD FRIEND, PRIMAL AND ELEMENTAL

AND THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

THE OLD UNITED NATIONS USED TO PROHIBIT COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION OF THE SAVAGE LAND

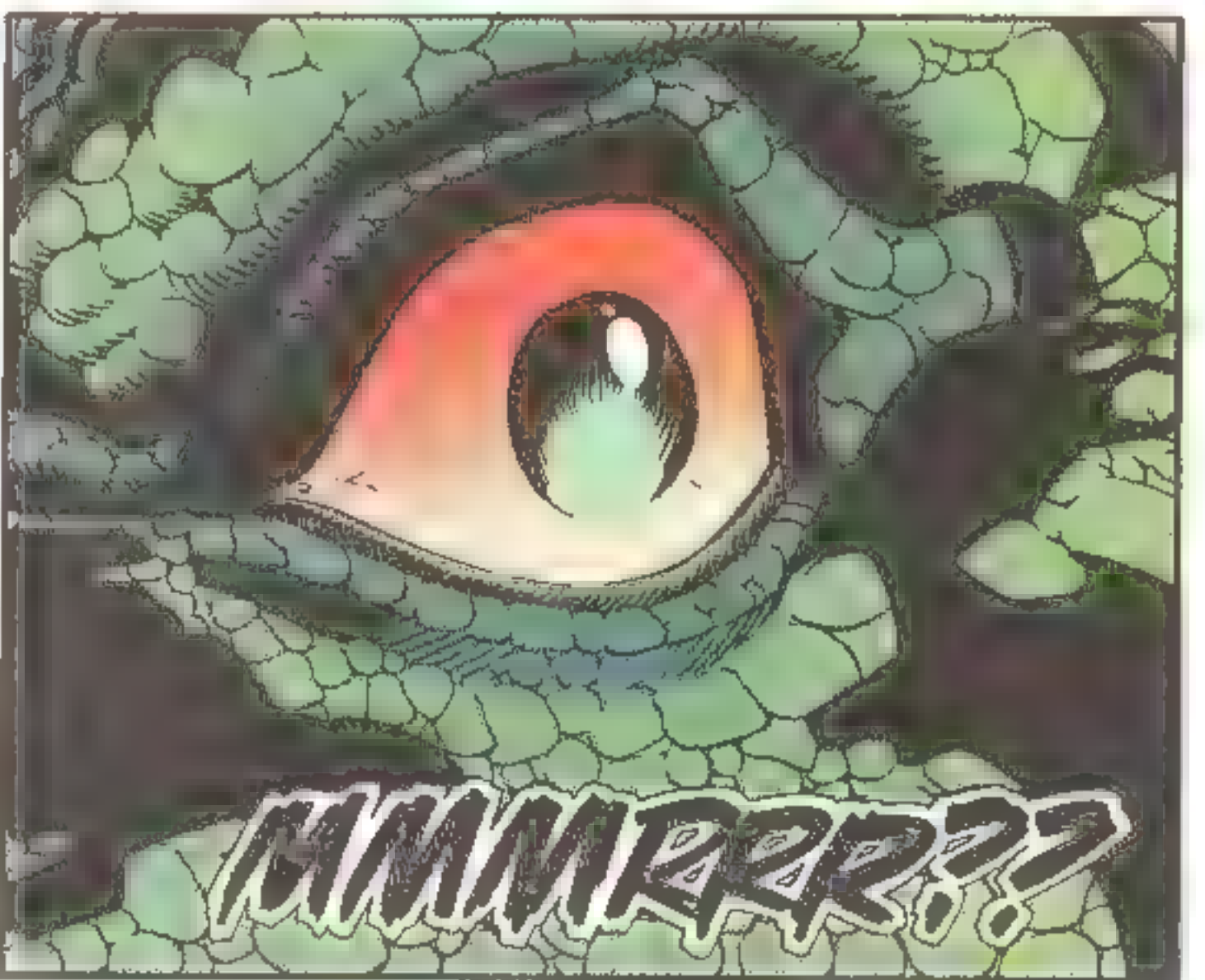
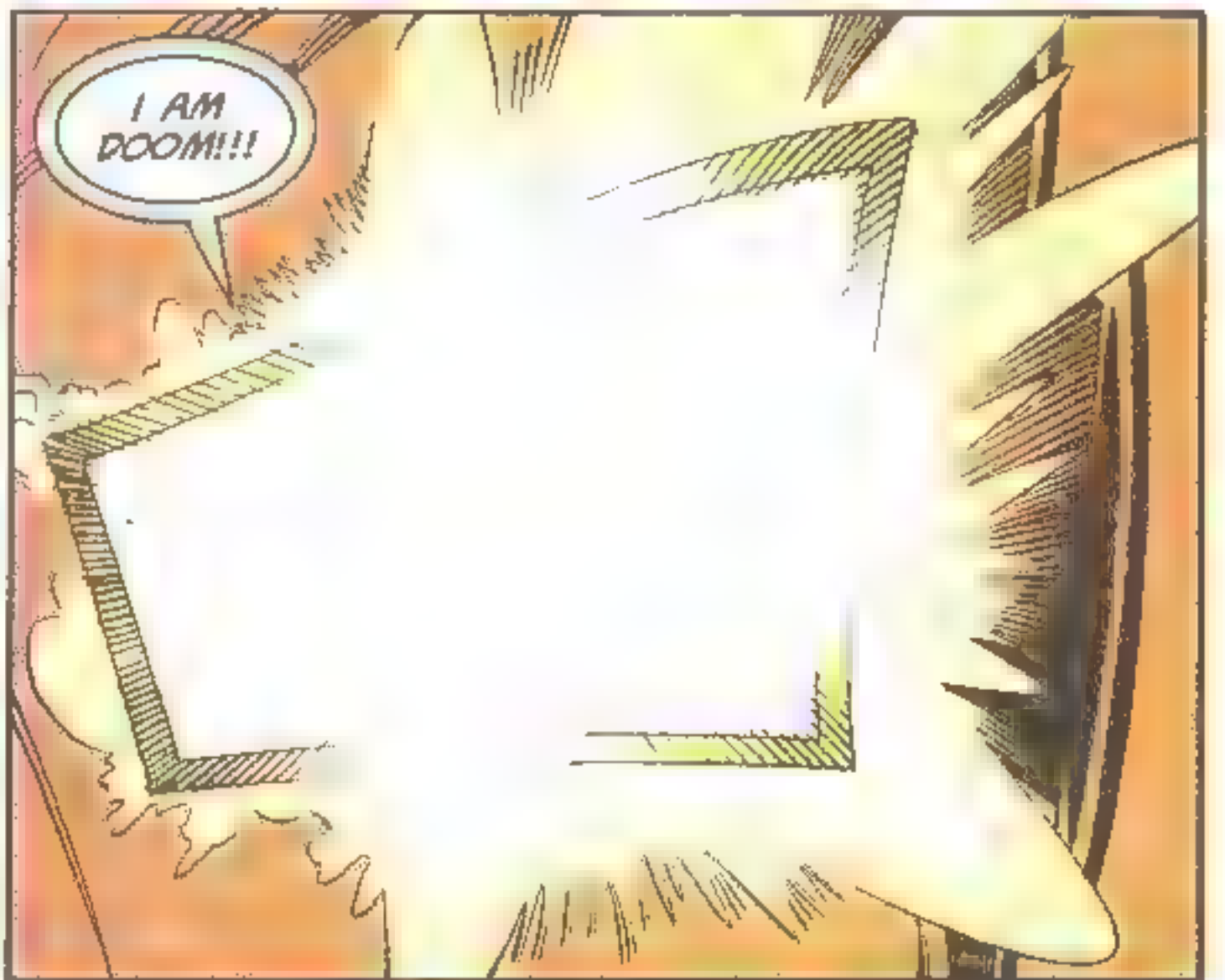
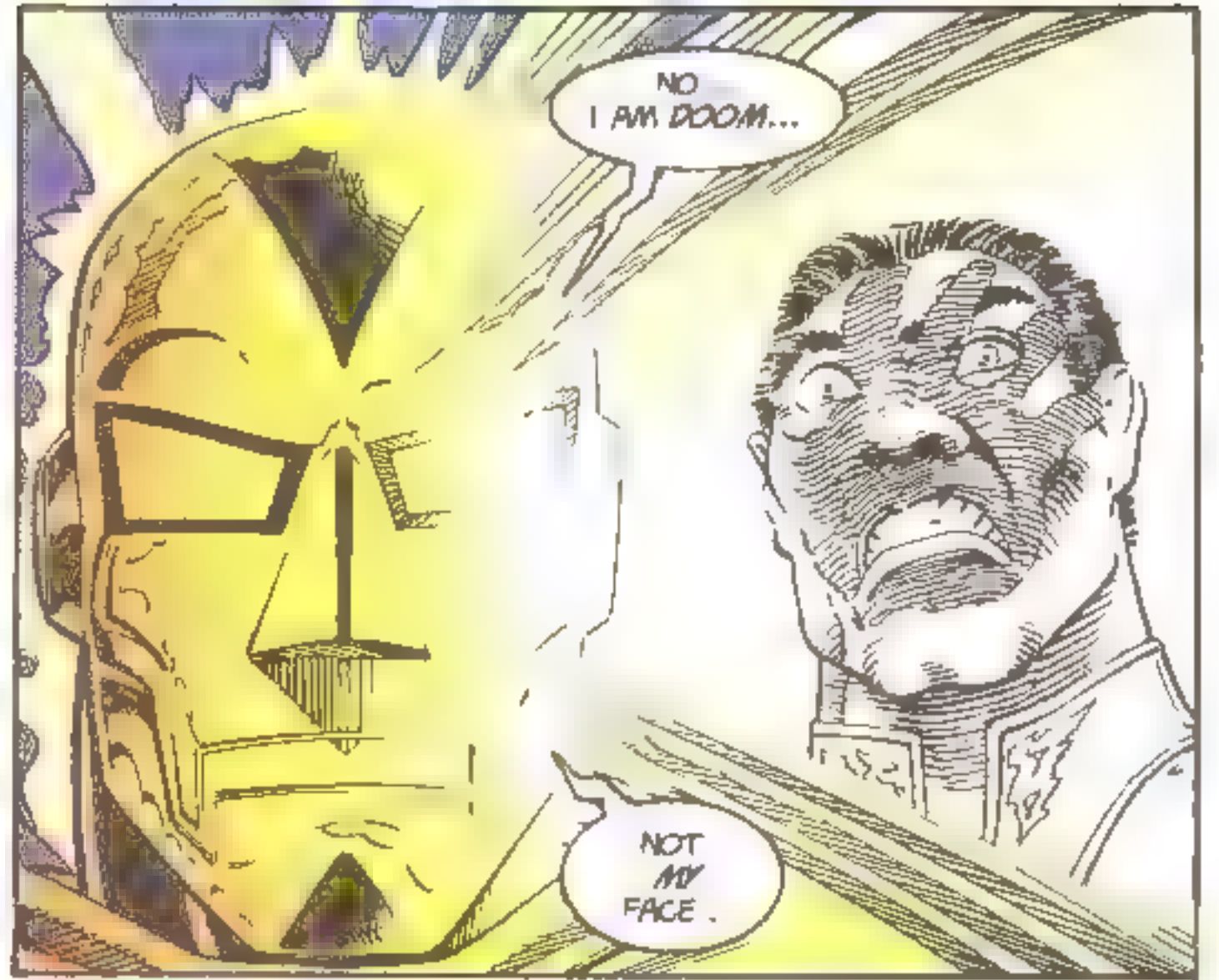
BUT NOW ALCHEMAX HAS BEGUN A MINING AND DRILLING OPERATION IN THE SWAMP.

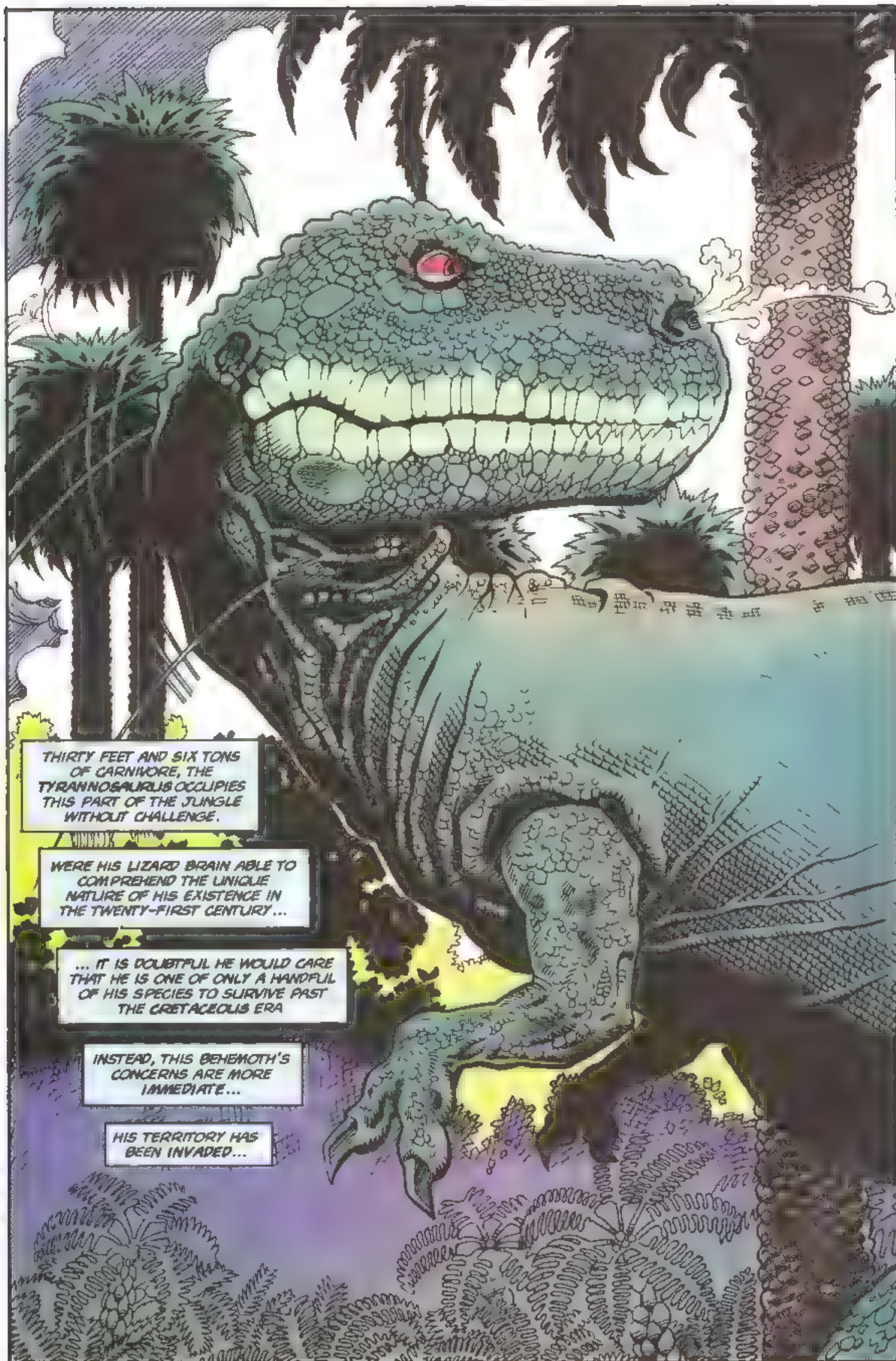
THEY'VE BEEN MISCELLING THE FRAGILE UNITED TRIBAL ALLIANCE TO GO ALONG WITH THEM.

YOU DON'T NEED ME TO MONKEY WRENCH THE ALCHEMAX OPERATION.

YOU HAVE PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE IN THAT FIELD

FORGET ABOUT SABOTAGE, HAWK I'M TALKING WAR.





THIRTY FEET AND SIX TONS
OF CARNIVORE, THE
TYRANNOSAURUS OCCUPIES
THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE
WITHOUT CHALLENGE.

WERE HIS LIZARD BRAIN ABLE TO
COMPREHEND THE UNIQUE
NATURE OF HIS EXISTENCE IN
THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY...

... IT IS DOUBTFUL HE WOULD CARE
THAT HE IS ONE OF ONLY A HANDFUL
OF HIS SPECIES TO SURVIVE PAST
THE CRETACEOUS ERA

INSTEAD, THIS BEHEMOTH'S
CONCERNS ARE MORE
IMMEDIATE...

HIS TERRITORY HAS
BEEN INVADED...

... VIOLATED BY SOMETHING LOUD AND SHINY AND SMELLING OF SULPHUR...

NOT
DOOM
SOMEONE
ELSE

ARE YOU
DOING THIS TO
ME...

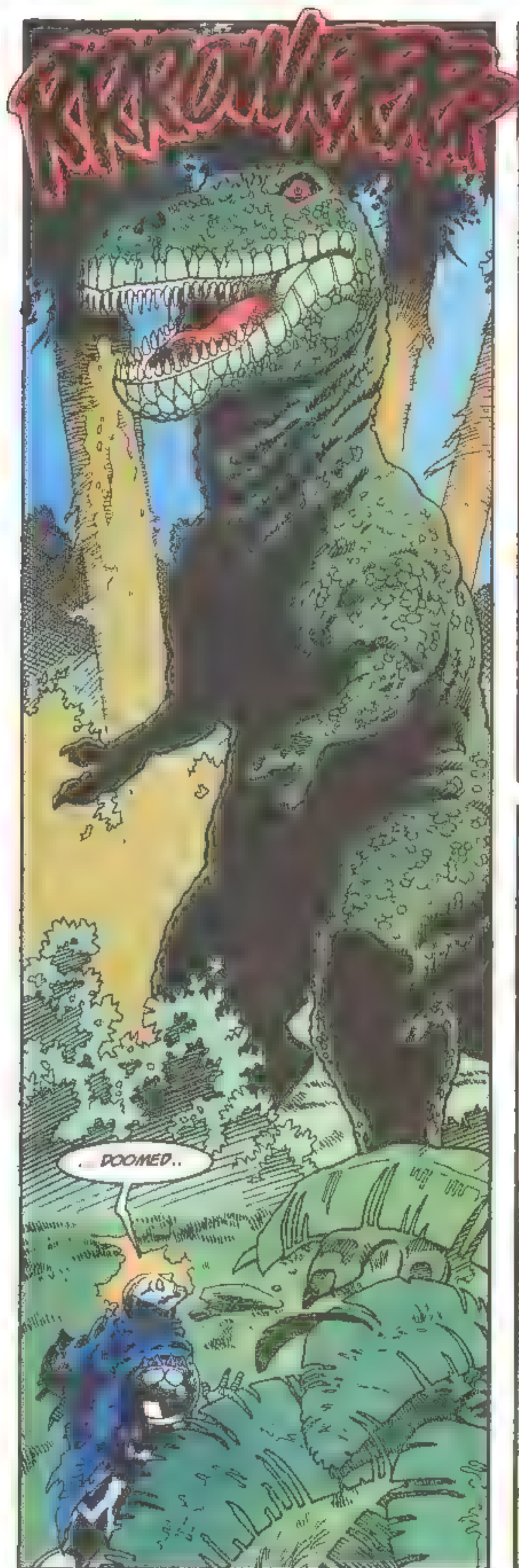
WHO
ARE YOU?!

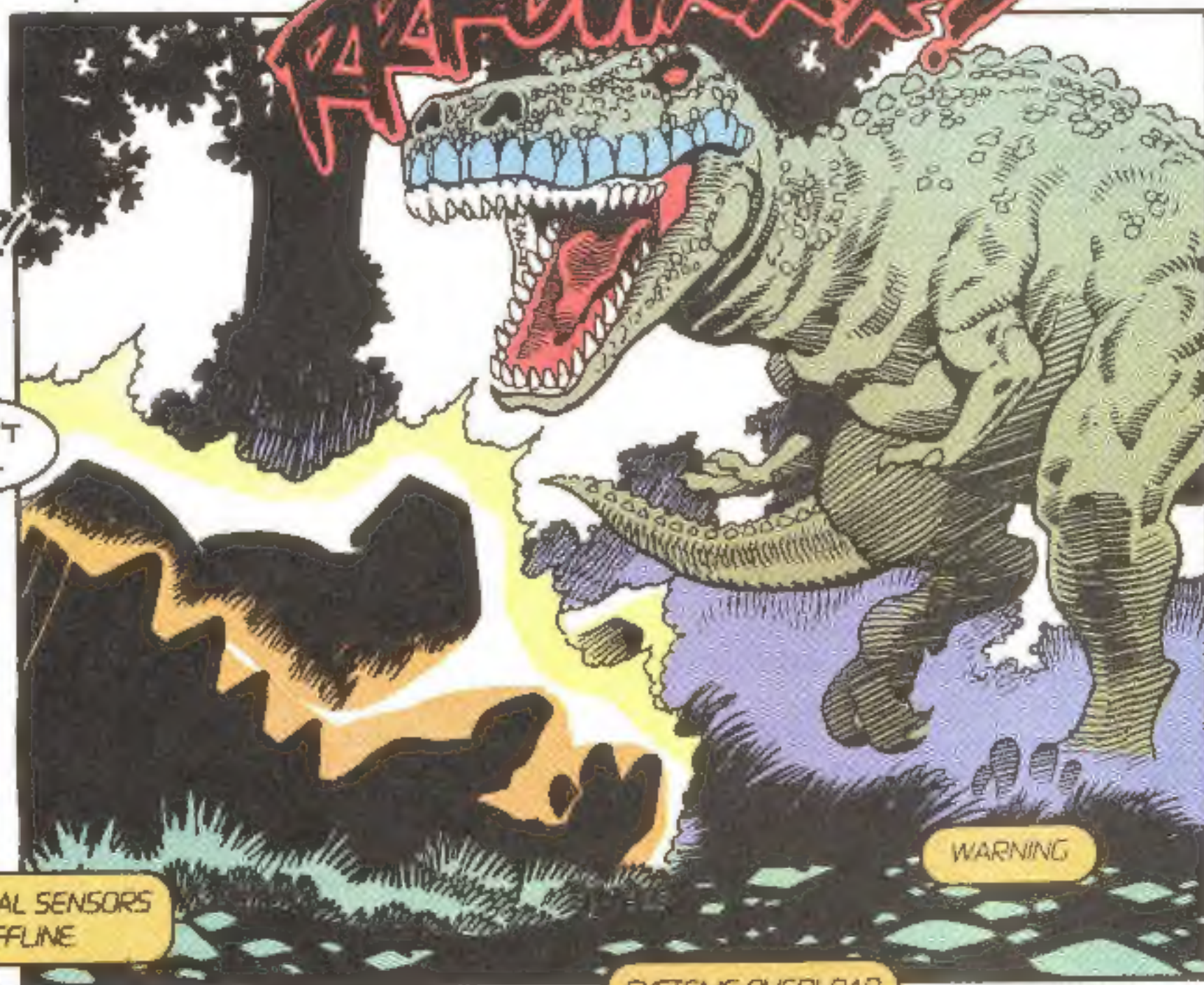
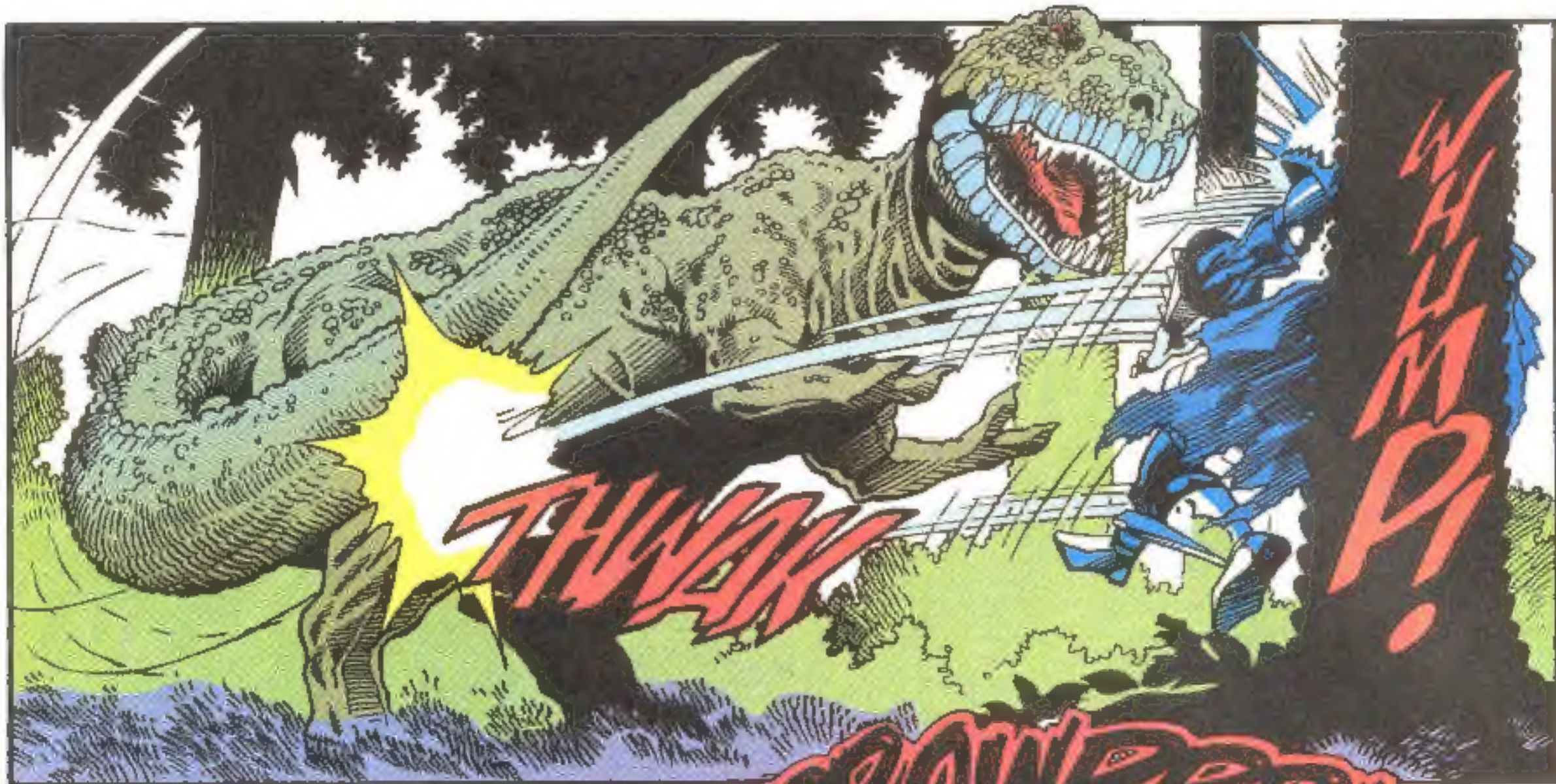
THESE
ARE NOT MY
MEMORIES.

THESE
THINGS
DID NOT
HAPPEN.

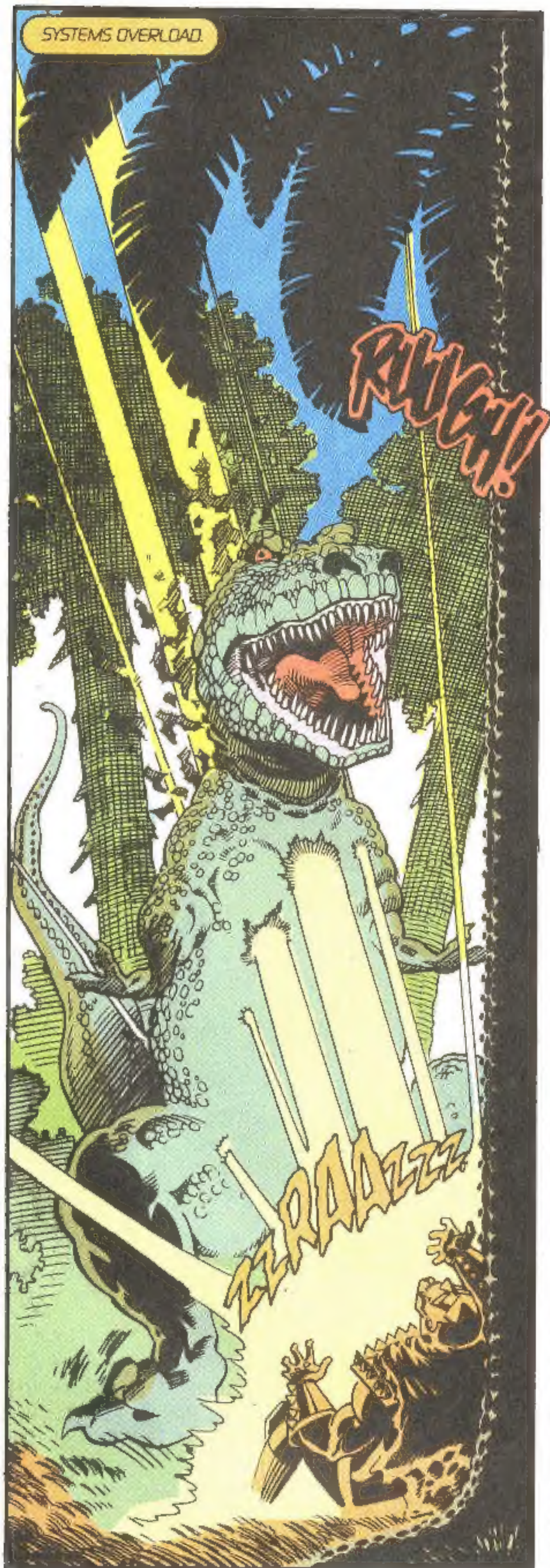
TO
ME

I AM

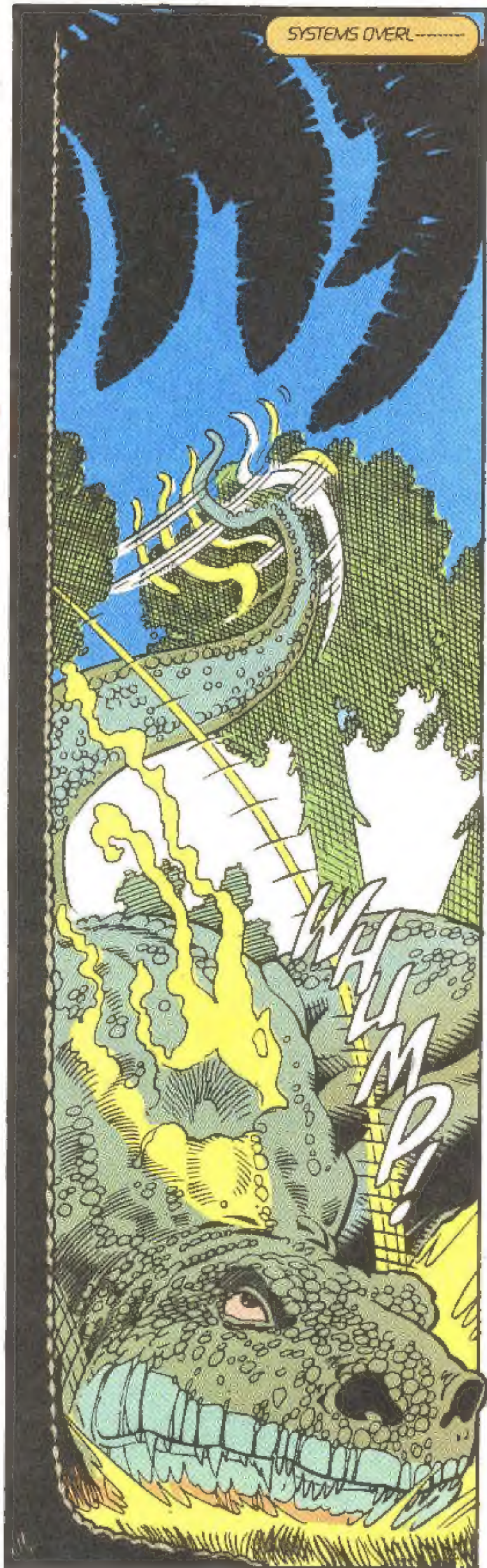


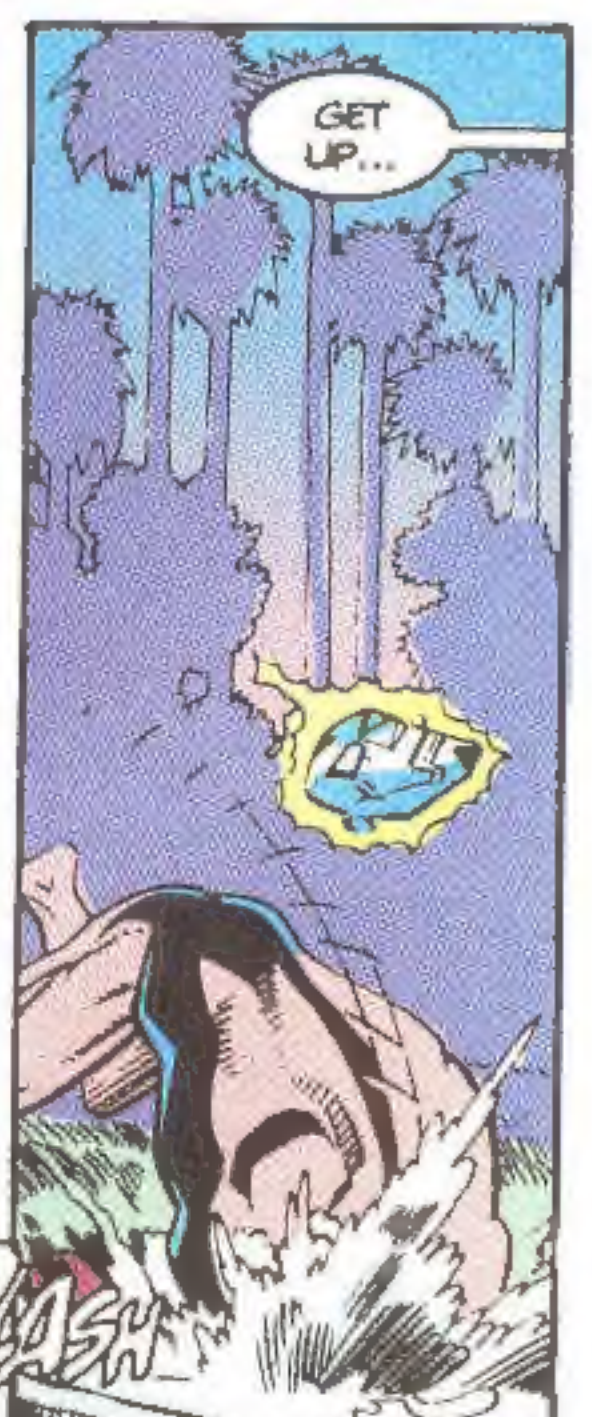
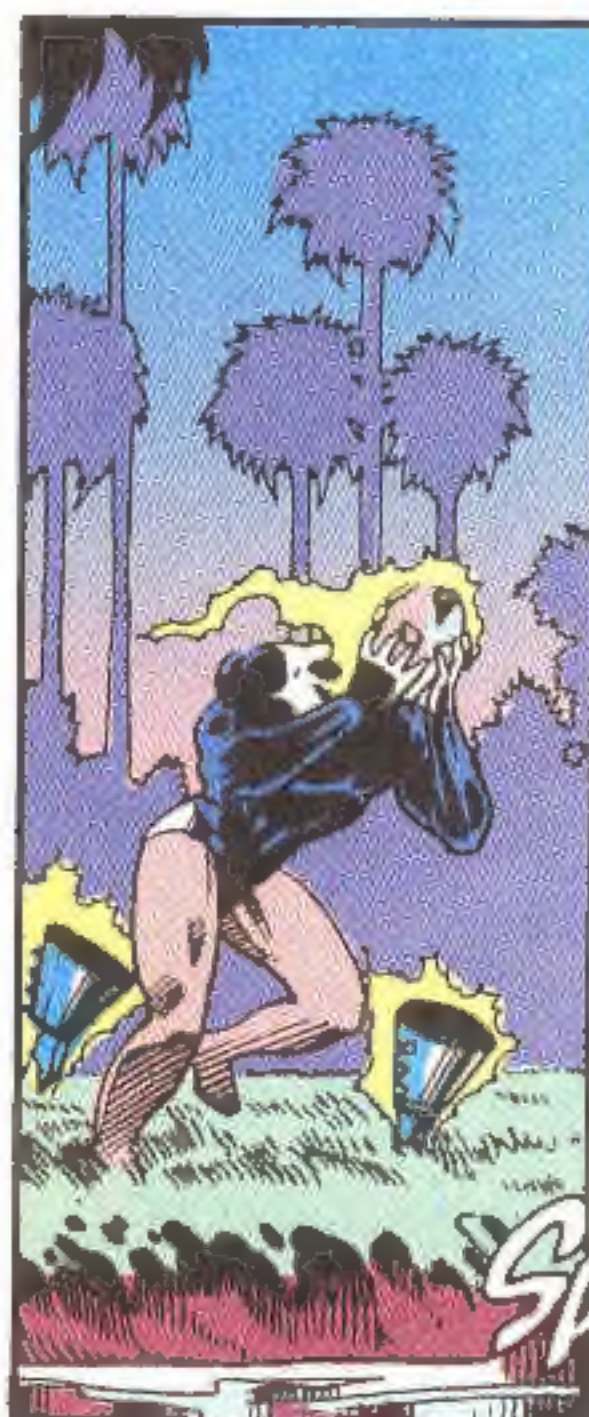
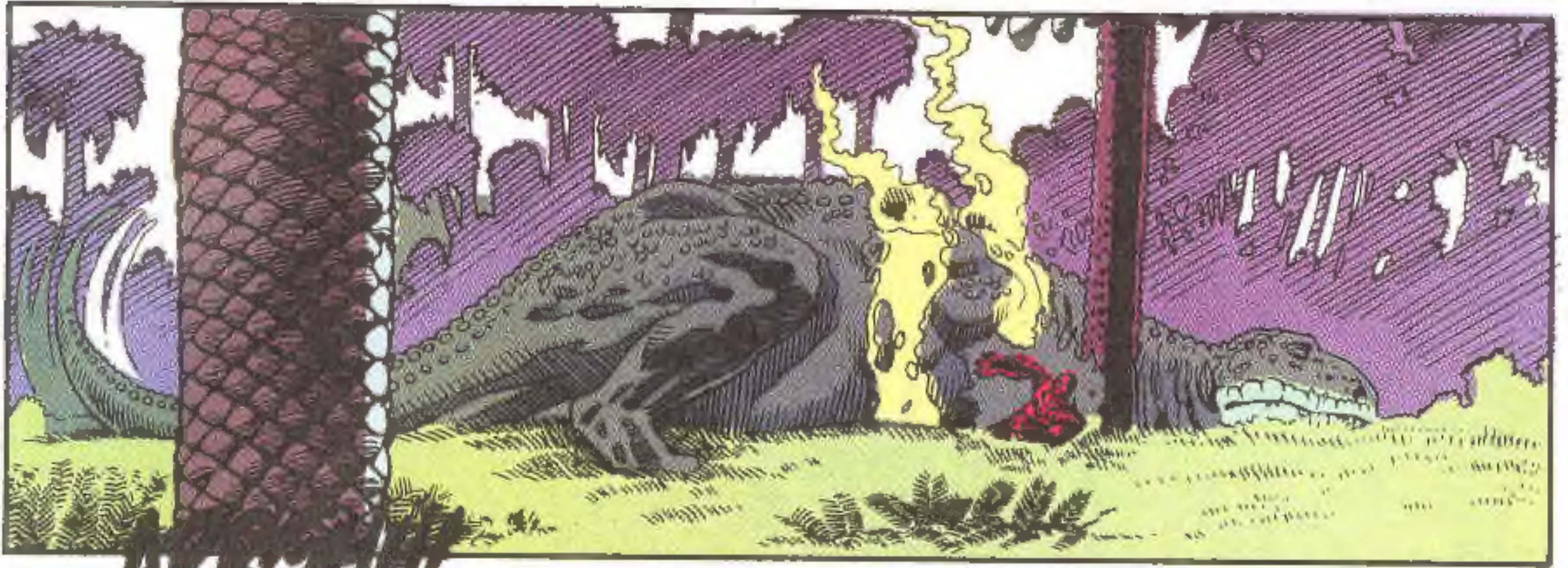


SYSTEMS OVERLOAD.



SYSTEMS OVERL-----





YOU MAY
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO
KILL ONE OF THE LAST
TYRANNOSAURS ON
EARTH...

BUT
YOU WON'T FARE
THAT WELL
AGAINST...

BLOODHAWK!

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual
being,
Those thoughts that wander through
eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion.
—Milton, *Paradise Lost*

NEXT:
...AND NOW, AN
X-MAN